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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 22:13:03 GMT

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Wednesday, March 7, 2068, 7:30 a.m., the Villa, Tracy Island.

Tin-Tin yawned and ran her fingers back through her thick black hair, pushing it out of her eyes. She stretched as the door between her bedroom and her sitting room opened with a swishing sound. Her alarm usually woke her at seven, but last night she just fell into bed after the debriefing and forgot the alarm.

But something different prodded her out of bed this morning. Some small noise from her sitting room had penetrated her sleeping mind and teased her awake.

Blearily, she made her way over to her computer, which was chiming for attention. I forgot to shut it down last night, she realized. And now it's telling me I have mail.

She sat back in her ergonomically correct desk chair and scrolled idly down through the email messages that had been deposited in her email in-box. One in particular caught her eye, a priority email from a manufacturer in Kabul. Opening it, she scanned the message and groaned.

They're having trouble with the Penelon-Kevlar formula and want me to go out and work with them to try and figure out where in the manufacturing process things are going wrong. She sighed and pulled up her personal schedule. Well, if I'm not needed for a rescue, I suppose I could fly out tomorrow. I'll have to clear it through Brains and Virgil. Or maybe Scott if he's home yet. I don't know that Mr. Tracy would need to be bothered about it. Not yet. Only if we can't get the stuff manufactured properly. In the meantime, I'd better send the new specs and the new design to our usual uniform providers. They'll do everything but the logos, which we'll put on right here, Mrs. Tracy and I. Wonder if anyone else among our new recruits sews?

Tin-Tin got up and headed for her bathroom. I'd better check and see if the auxiliary clothing has been ordered yet; the thermals, the fire protective gear, the new space suits for Callie... there's so much to think about above and beyond just the uniforms! Usually Dianne takes care of that, but with Mr. Tracy in the hospital... I'll just do a quick follow-up. After all, I have the measurements.

With that settled in her head, she slipped out of her nightgown and stepped into the shower, hoping to wash the cobwebs from her mind as she washed the sweat and dirt from her body.

Post by [Tikatu](#) on 30/08/2004

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